

## The Evening World.

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## THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

D. E. Vines writes to The Evening World for some advice on getting on in life. He aspires to be a writer, but complains of lack of elementary training in grammar and the essentials of rhetoric. "My nature seems to seek for and demand better things," he says, "and I feel that my life is passing away in useless endeavor. What can I do to get on the right track?"

Success is not ordinarily the result of precepts from those who have been successful. In the five years that Peter Cooper went on working uncomplainingly for 50 cents a week it is not recorded that he spent his time asking counsel. The successful men who are now most prolific of advice had little of it to help themselves. Some of their recipes for success may, however, be recorded.

Perhaps the best is Emerson's "enter cordially into the game and whirl with the whirling world." It suggests the colloquial "get into the game" and it is the secret of success in a nutshell.

Anthony Hope says: "Work eight hours a day at something you do not like so that you may get two hours for the profession you prefer." And on similar lines is the advice of W. E. Corey, superintendent of the Homestead Steel Works: "Do not be satisfied to do merely the work laid out for you; do more." Mr. Corey used to spend his nights after a hard day's work studying chemistry.

"Throw your heart into your work," says James Scott, superintendent of the great Lucy furnaces.

"Always rely on yourself," says Charles M. Schwab. It is almost an echo of the late Gov. Flower's "Independence, self-reliance, fair play."

But examples are better than precepts. Hear the testimony of Alexander Stephens: "No one can imagine how I worked, how I labored over books. Often I spent the whole night over a lawbook and went to bed as the dawn was streaking the East." This was a youth so frail that his physical condition excited pity. He was prepared to study rhetoric and English composition as Stephens studied law or Corey studied chemistry.

It is doing with all one's energy and with unyielding persistence what the mind finds to do that starts the ambitious youth on the road to success. In literature, which Vines desires to follow, it is De Maupassant serving a seven years' apprenticeship with Flaubert, writing, polishing, correcting, trying every kind of literary composition. It is Gray spending ten years on his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard;" Jules Verne rewriting his manuscript six times; Balzac sending his proofs back to the printer again and again so filled with corrections that the final finished product of his pen bore small resemblance to the first rough draft.

It is this capacity for taking pains united to a fixed purpose and an energetic attempt to do the task in hand well that brings the great rewards. Dr. Titus Munson Coan says that a "tinge of charlatanism seems almost necessary to a career, whether in business, literature, art or science." This is Barnum's old idea about the public desiring to be humbugged. It is a dangerous doctrine, the more so because of the frequent examples of its success. What's worth doing is still worth doing well. And yet how much the 99-cent idea has contributed to business achievement where the dollar idea has permitted it to languish!

**When the Burglar Comes.**—What to do when the burglar comes is still a moot question in suburban households in spite of the fact that Mrs. Morosini solved it for her own household by a scream that routed the intruder. Little girls, Edithas, may parley with the housebreaker and persuade him to better ways. For grown-up persons, chiefs of police recommend silence and a discreet feigning of sleep. It is well that the burglar does not feel the pulse of those who pursue this course. The potency of the feminine scream is not to be denied.

## THE PRESIDENT'S PUN.

Nordau says that pun-making is a mark of imbecility and mental degeneration. Dr. Samuel Johnson said that "a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket." Yet we have the President of the United States, a conspicuously sane and moral person, making a bad one—intimating that Secretary Shaw should be treated as the miners were—"sent back to Des Moines" (de mines).

Pun-making, once esteemed a mental accomplishment, is now in disfavor so deep that even Presidential precedent cannot rescue it. It has engaged the attention of the world's greatest men. Shakespeare was a noted punner. Dr. Johnson said of him that punning was "his fatal Cleopatra for whom he lost the world." Macaulay, according to Trevelyan, perpetrated two hundred puns in two hours on a wager. Lamb was a gifted and indefatigable punster. "Was your grandmother a tall woman?" he asked a friend. "Mine was; she was a granny-dear" (grenadier). Stumbling on the stairs and some one asking, "What's that noise?" he answered quickly, "I, sir, rolling rapidly." His host starting to the door to let in his dogs that were whining in the rain he said, "Don't stop their whine and water." To a young friend named Benjamin he said as they were trying to enter a crowded bus, "Ben, jam in!"

The Bible gives us what is probably the earliest recorded pun where Naomi, whose name means "pleasantness" as that of Mary means "bitterness," is represented as saying: "Call me not Naomi; call me Marah, for the Almighty hath dealt bitterly with me." An ancient pun of Biblical antecedents is attributed to Canning, who said that the elephants were last in the procession from the ark "because they had stayed behind to pack their trunks."

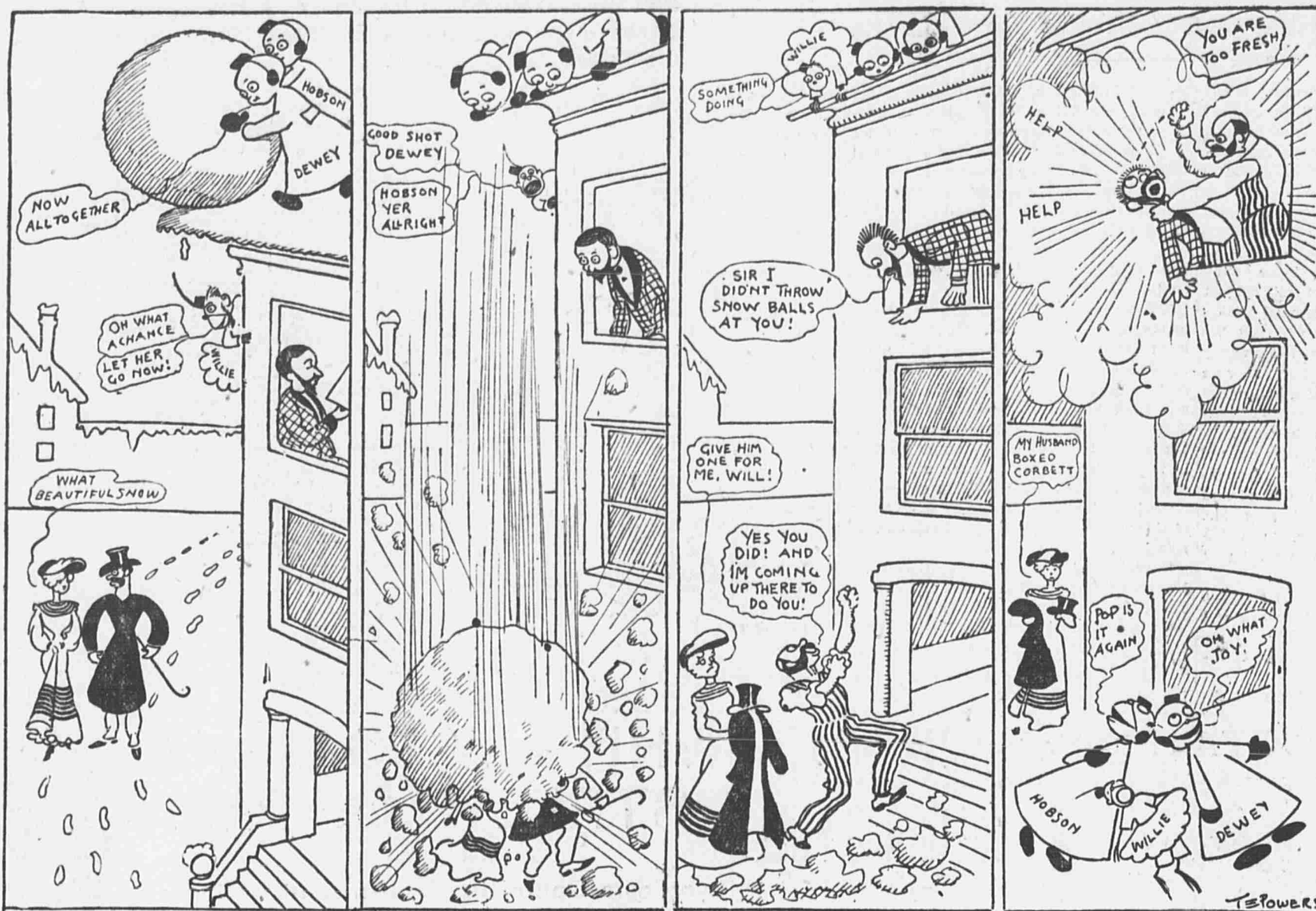
Hood is the punning poet par excellence. As in his "then they told the sexton and the sexton tolled the bell;" his refutation of the charge that punning was base by the reply that it was "the base and foundation of wit;" his exhortation to Minerva to "let her owl go and come with him on a lark." One of the most celebrated of poetical puns is Byron's mock epitaph to Pitt: "With death doomed to grapple / Beneath this cold slab he / Who died in the Chapel / Now lies in the Abbey."

Bret Harte's punning is recalled by his Heathen Chinese who "sailed in his sails, which were taper, / What is common in tapers—that's wax."

Manhattan Houses.—It is hardly surprising to learn that only ninety-nine single-family dwelling-houses were built in Manhattan last year. These were entirely the houses of the wealthy, the cost of house and lot together averaging \$100,000. For families of moderate fortune a house on land costing from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a front foot is out of the question. When their limited means drives them to a detached house with grounds in the suburbs it does not seem that they turn by the transaction.

## The Merry Mac Twins Enjoy Our First Snowstorm.

And Send the Mercury Way Up for Pa, as Artist Powers Shows.



## Mr. Hotfoot Commuter Keeps On Being Late.

How It Happened This Time Explained by Artist Kahles.



## SHE LOVED HIM:

A ROMANCE OF A WOMAN'S HEART.

By CHARLES GARVICE.

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lord Clyde Leyton, a young spendthrift, married Miss Bessie Bessie, a musical-hall artist. She does not know his true name and rank. He is loved by Lady Ethel, who resolves to separate him from Bessie. Through the aid of Capt. Dorchester, who hates Bessie, Lady Ethel secures an interview with Bessie during Clyde's absence from home.

Lady Ethel persuades Bessie that Clyde's future depends on her giving him up.

Tired by Lady Ethel, Bessie leaves home and goes back to the musical-hall stage. A fire occurs there and a charred body, identified as Bessie, is found. Clyde, on learning of this, falls ill.

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## CHAPTER IV.

## "Twixt Life and Death."

LADY ETHEL, on hearing of Clyde's illness, hurried at once to his house, to find already installed at his side his father and mother and his shrewd old aunt, the Duchess of Strathmore.

When Ethel returned home Agatha rode met her in the hall as she entered. "Capt. Dorchester is in the drawing-room, my lady," she said in her usual impressive way, and with a momentary glance at her mistress's pale face.

She went up to the drawing-room, and the captain rose to meet her, and the two looked at each other in silence for a moment.

"I heard that you had gone around to Gratton street to inquire after Lord Clyde," he said in his smooth voice, "and I ventured to wait in the hope of hearing better news than the reports give us."

She set her lips tightly. "He is very ill," she said; then her voice broke as she added, "We have killed him!"

"How hard hit he must have been! By Jove! he must have been right down fond of her!"

The shaft struck home, as he had intended, and she flushed round upon him, remorse and apprehension giving place to jealousy.

"He was not!" she retorted, with repressed fierceness. "It was the suddenness of the blow. He did not, he could not have—have cared for her like that. A common, music-hall singer, with a pretty face."

"If you regret it," he said, slowly, "it is almost a pity that you interfered. Perhaps it would have been better to have left them alone to be happy in their own way. After all, he must have been a fully fond of her."

She started upright and began to tear off her gloves.

"Not!" she said in a low, intense voice. "I would do it again if it were to be done. Better that he should—die," she shuddered, "than that he should have remained in the toils of such a creature."

The captain went softly down the broad stairs on his way out.

"That's the worst of women," he muttered. "They're too like cats; claw you one moment, stroke you the next. She'd have stopped at nothing short of murder to separate Clyde from the girl a month ago, and now she's half inclined to cry over what she's done. But her mood will soon change once he gets about again."

The duchess's estimate of Clyde's power of endurance and resistance proved the correct one. In rather less than a week he had pulled round, and was able to get into the sitting-room.

He regained strength rapidly enough, but he was fearfully changed. A terrible lassitude and apathy, from which nothing appeared to have power to rouse him, seemed to have settled upon him like a heavy cloud. He would sit for hours with downcast eyes, brooding over that past happiness which had gone from him forever, and not even Walter Ormrod, his dearest friend, could win more than a listless smile from him.

Soon after his recovery he had asked Wal to sell his horses for him.

"I shall not race again," he said. "So the horses were sold, and people, when they heard of it, shook their heads."

"Leyton's regularly knocked over by that illness of his," they said. "It's all up with a man like him when he sells his horses. What the deuce else has a man got to care for?"

It seemed, indeed, as if Clyde had got nothing. When he was strong enough to get about he avoided his clubs and wandered about the streets and in the parks, scarcely stopping to exchange a word with the old friends he changed to meet, and often passing them by as if he had not noticed their greeting. He refused all invitations and went nowhere; for though he wore none of the outward and conventional signs of

mourning he was, in truth, mourning for his dead wife with a depth of sorrow which few husbands feel.

Sometimes, as he sat brooding, it seemed to him that it was a duty he owed to her to proclaim his loss, and give her, now dead, the position which she had forgone when alive. But he shrank from the sensation which he knew the announcement of his marriage would cause. He knew the dismay and amazement which the story would cause, and, in his mind's eye, saw the paragraphs in which society papers would revel over the details.

It would be a kind of sacrilege, a profanation of their love, and it could do no good. No one knew of their marriage, or could ever even suspect the truth. It could do no good, but, indeed, harm, for it would drag her name—so sacred to him—through the mire of idle gossip and heartless scandal. So he kept silence.

Then he went abroad for twelve months. Ah, those weary, weary months! Go where he would, his grief kept close beside him. He brought it back to England with him. It seemed as if it would be his close companion till death carried him across the river to join his lost darling.

Immediately he returned he went down to Northfield, though he would infinitely have preferred to remain in the solitude of his own chambers.

But the gloom did not improve matters. The change of the place only tended to increase his moodiness. Presently the duchess, who kept her

## The Man Higher Up.

On Roosevelt as Bear and Trust Hunter.

"THE President Roosevelt has gone gunning for the Trusts," volunteered the cigar store man.

"Why not?" asked the Man Higher Up. "He went gunning for bears down in Mississippi two or five weeks ago or so, didn't he?"

"But he didn't get any bears," said the Man Higher Up. "The only bear he got a chance at was one they tied to a tree, and it was so near dead from fright that he wouldn't shoot it. Attorney-General Knox is the man who will have to tie the Trusts to trees for the President—and the Attorney-General is a small man."

"Not that I'd want to criticize the President and his fever for hunting. If it gives him pleasure, what right have we got to go and kick the furniture around? He's got a big job, and the best thing we can do is let him run it the way he wants to."

"When he went out West to hunt mountain lions in Colorado last winter the whole nation held its breath. There was fear on every hand that some lion would get him down and make a course dinner of him. But he came back without a scratch and loaded down with manuscript enough to make a nice large book."

"Ever hunt a Colorado mountain lion? Ever hunt a Mississippi bear? Well, an able-bodied member of the Broadway Squad could take all the mountain lions in Colorado and all the bears in Mississippi and fan them to death in three days. Pursuing this wild and ferocious game is an exhilarating pastime, about on a par with chasing a cross-town car."

"If the President wanted to get into condition to shoot holes through the Trusts he should have gone to the Adirondacks or Maine and rigged up for a deer hunter. There is more excitement in dodging bullets than there is in firing them, and it would have been a better rehearsal."

"Do the Trusts know that President Roosevelt is hunting them?" asked the cigar store man.

"I haven't heard of any of the Trusts taking to the woods," replied the Man Higher Up. "Maybe they heard about the bear hunt. But the Trusts are smooth and slippery propositions. Nobody knows just what they know. It looked like they smelled the chase, though, when Tom Reed turned up in Washington just before Congress convened."

"Reed didn't have very much to do. He just stood around the hotel lobbies and kidded the Trust hunters. If he hadn't been cramped by a mild attack of appendicitis he'd have laughed the latest Roosevelt hunting expedition off the boards; and he'll do it yet if he gets well in time."

"The President is getting to be somewhat of a kiddier himself. I almost laughed out loud when I read that story about his telling Secretary Shaw that he was going to send him back to 'de mines.' That's the way persons of Hibernian birth pronounce the name of the capital of Iowa. I was a little woozy about the joke at first, but when I saw the diagram I recognized it right away."

"Cabinet Ministers must have hard jobs," remarked the cigar store man.

"If they have to stand for that sort of persiflage I should say they did," replied the Man Higher Up. "But a joker in the White House is as scarce as hair on a Mexican dog. Abe Lincoln was a joker. But he was a different President. The average President takes himself so seriously that he'd run across the street if he saw a sign advertising 'Joe Miller's Joke Book.' And he's wise at that, because the people fall to a solemn guy for the real thing. No man with a sense of humor could write a President's message."

"Maybe the President is kidding the Trusts," suggested the cigar store man.

"Maybe he is," agreed the Man Higher Up. "When a man gets started that way you can't see his finish with a telescope."

## Letters, Queries, Answers.

Many Questions on All Sorts of Subjects Answered for Evening World Readers by Experts.

## A Weird Tangle.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

FRIEND of mine claims that he knew three gentlemen, each by the name of "Charles R. Senior."

They were grandfather, son and grandson, and the two elders signed their names as follows: "Charles R. Senior, Sr." and "Charles R. Senior, Jr." Now, if the grandfather signed "Charles R. Senior, Sr.," couldn't his son sign himself "Charles R. Senior, Sr.?" He was junior to his father and senior to his son of the same name, and his son was "Charles R. Senior, Jr." How about it, readers?

CHARLES J. B.

## For Lung Trouble.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly state where is a hospital in New York for lung trouble.

UPTOWN.

Loomis Hospital for Consumptives, No. 104 West Forty-first street; Seton Hospital for Consumptives, Spuyten Duyvil.

## A Story of Old Staten Island.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Everything in Staten Island has improved 50 per cent. as compared with

ten years ago. I witnessed in Staten Island many years ago a trial of a man arrested for assault. About the middle of the trial he suddenly made a dash for the door, with the intention of making his escape. He was followed by everybody in the courtroom, including the jurors, but he had not disappeared as though the ground had opened up and swallowed him. The search for him was given up as fruitless. As the crowd began to disperse I heard somebody say "Discharged," and we all went our way. Such conditions do not exist in the Borough of Richmond to-day.

THEOS. ALWYN, Stapleton, S. I.

Wonders if it is an Omen.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I dreamed of a death and a journey in one night, and two people living in my house died in one week. Can any reader of dreams and omens tell me the meaning of this?

JESSE.

## "Hot-Tempered Kate" Again.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I AGREE in saying that girls by the name of Kate are usually hot tempered. I am engaged to a girl by the name of Kate, and if she does not, all I have her own way she gets very disagreeable and ugly. CHARLES C.

Result Will Be Announced Next Monday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Has the "Love-Letter Contest" been decided? MARY.

Two Poker Queries.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Does a straight flush beat four aces? Is there anything that beats a royal flush? A straight flush beats four aces. A royal flush is the highest possible hand.

Gen. Sickles is Living.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is Gen. Daniel E. Sickles living? H. C. W.

The Term "Countess" is Correct.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In an examination in school the following question was submitted: "What is the feminine of ear?" My answer was "lady." This was marked wrong and the correct answer was given as "countess." Which is correct? CARMENITA.

"Good-Natured" Names.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

MUST hereby credit the correspondent who said that almost everybody by the name of Harry or Tilly is jolly. For I have a sister Tilly who is engaged to a gentleman named Harry, and they are the two jolliest people I ever met. The correspondent says girls named Tassie are gentle. I have only had the pleasure of knowing two of that name, but these seemed to prove that they were far from being gentle. What can others say about these? ANTONIO.